

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 163.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUALISM IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

(From the Manuscript Records of Rev. J. B. Ferguson.)
CONSULATED FROM OUR LAST.

April 11, 1855.

Mrs. Thomas Claiborne, Mrs. Ramage and Miss Sarah Claiborne, called on us to-day to hear the above communication. After reading it, Mrs. F. was impressed to give them one; but for reasons not necessary to relate, she resisted the impression. Mrs. R. noticing the effect of her mind, requested and urged her to comply. I had not the least hope that she would do so, as she had told me positively she could not submit to the influence in her presence. But a bright vision was opened to her mind while we were sitting together, and while permitted to see the form of a lovely child, kindred of all the parties, a voice to her internal ear said, "You can do so, provided you can regulate the sympathies of Mrs. C." It should be remarked that none of these persons were professed Spiritualists, though each was more or less interested in the beautiful teaching and hopes of Spirit-presence. Mrs. F. consented, and addressed us as follows:

Here advance two: the one a little taller than the other. The one upon my right bears in her hand a child. Both desire to speak, and I know not how to choose between them. Here advances the taller one—dark hair, black, clear forehead, bright eyes, penetrating gaze. She says, "My mother, still the nervous agitation of thy heart, that I may be able to speak without injury to the medium. I see the totter of thy once stately form, and it tells me of the advances of age and its infirmities. I now speak and tell you that we still live, are ever around you, ever interested in every high and noble end, the dear ones who yet linger in the solitudes of earth. If you could appreciate this truth, and know the unpeakable happiness we now enjoy in being able to make ourselves known to you this morning, joy and hope would fill your soul."

Did you lean upon me in life? Did you come to me in hours of trial and disappointment? Did you seek my advice and counsel? Then know that I still live to feel for those that gave me birth, that watched over my early years and training. I wish to address you as your child, ever sympathizing in the trials of your earth-lot. I desire you to know and feel the joy it brings to our hearts to be able to speak to you again, my mother, my sisters.

You too well know the disappointments of my earth-life. When disease seized my frail tenement, and its parching power somewhat deprived me of my reason, and you were permitted to bathe my burning brow, sometimes almost with your tears, you had not then the bright Christian hope I now bring you, or you had not repined that I should be transplanted to the Paradise of God, to have my spiritual nature brought out in language and hope that our hearts will yet rekindle an eternal union of undying affection. And do you not recollect, at the close of the parting vision, I said to you, "I am willing to die?" then saw, after my earthly vision had become dark, that it was best for me to depart rather than remain—that it was not hard to die. Many glad Spirits now re-echo the word, for they know that death leads to a union of kindred associations that shall go on and on, expanding and widening its embrace, till all are united in one kindred universe of blissful souls.

Will you commune with me often? The sympathies brought to bear this morning overwhelm our minds and the mind of the medium, so that we cannot say what we would. You must be calm or we cannot proceed. Will you seek me, and rely upon those cherishing ones now gone but a little while from your outward sight, and who come near to inspire your trust, your hope? Or do you place them far away in some distant attic—removed from the home and walks of their loved ones on earth—in some strange, unknown country? Dark and sad views! Could you realize that I still am with you, you would seek for those blessed influences that would reunite you to us, and lead you to see those ties that will ultimately bind the whole brotherhood of man.

There are a number present. They all speak peace and hope. There are some this medium was never permitted to see in life. Here a heavy-set, fleshy person presents himself. Short neck, fair skin, blue eyes, hair light: perhaps he did not exceed forty-five. He lingers there (pointing to Mrs. C.) Could you hear more this morning, we could proceed. But we will direct you, that you may know and realize the truth of this high and holy privilege, and that it is your cherished kindred now communicating.

Select your hour: let nothing hinder: make all your arrangements with reference to it. You have mediums capable of being highly developed. This is what we desire, and have advised on other occasions. Active minds you have, and impressive minds; but when you seat yourselves around this sacred spot, calm that activity of mind; be collected—free from earthly care. Then seek those sacred associations that will ultimately bind you in one kindred in God. Seek us with that desire that will cause the kindred spark of divinity to come forth anew, and calve those ties that dwell here (striking her breast). Let no idle curiosity prompt you to treat this privilege frivolously. Many have failed of their highest ends because they have forgotten their sacred purposes in seeking the retreat of the departed. Ask no questions that you can decide for yourselves—that the divinity within you can decide for you. Be as composed and as quiet as possible. We know this is not always possible.

I hear a voice which speaks and says, "Weep not, but rejoice with great joy, for bright is the hope we bring to all. Bright is the home we now enjoy. Tears shall be wiped from those eyes, and you shall sorrow no more. Let your anticipations of the future be bright—the prospect of uniting as kindred forever!"

But I know you will doubt. I see it. I feel it. I have the heart of a woman. I see the doubts that will arise, and they hold me back. But one word:

Call this electricity, and so it is. Call it magnetism, and so it is. But if you can produce either by bringing together all the batteries in the world, you might doubt. Can you produce intelligence? True, we make use of electricity and magnetism. We magnetize the brain of the medium. A portion of her spirit goes out, as it were, and we come in; and in the exact proportion in which we can do this, we speak through her organs. We meet difficulties in the influences that surround the medium, and have done so this morning to an extent you cannot imagine. It is for your good. But we see a brighter day, when all will seek this noble privilege, and our present difficulties be removed. I wish you to know it is I now communicating. Still lean upon me, my mother, though removed from your earthly vision. Have you not felt my presence? Let your minds run back since I left you and see. Then know that it is your Charlotte now communicating.

I never liked to say farewell. The word ever had to me a lonely sound. Let me close, then, by saying, I will visit you often. Seek me and know it is a kindred Spirit—once bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, and ever your affectionate
CHARLOTTE.

Mr. Parker then addressed us:

You know not the difficulties we have experienced this morning, in the communication just given. The sympathy existing almost overpowered the medium. It would have been better to have given it when you first met. If this rule is strictly observed, it will save much suffering. But we gave place this morning to one who has often sought to communicate with her beloved kindred on earth, that she might rekindle new vigor in all, and soothe the hearts of the aged. Let their Spiritual vision grow and open as the earthly becomes dim with age, toil and care. It will unfold as the rose, and sweetly bloom and rebloom till transplanted to the Spiritual paradise.
Peace, peace I leave you all as my parting embrace.

O. F. PARKER.

Miss Charlotte Claiborne, daughter of Mrs. C., mentioned above, and sister to the other ladies, died July, 1818. Her address was peculiarly hers as in life. Its descriptions of Spirit-friends were accurate to the letter, and they were readily recognized. My appreciation of her parts and character may be gathered from an obituary in the *Christian Magazine* for August, 1818. It will ever afford me pleasure to draw inspiration from so clear and active a mind; such pure and unselfish affection as was wont to characterize her in life, and which I know have received more free and happy development and exercise in the pure spheres of Spirit-life into which she so hopefully entered.

April 12, 1855.

Col. H. L. Claiborne, of this city, was informed, at a Spiritual Circle at Mr. McKenzie's, by what purported to be his Spirit-sister, that if he would call on Mrs. Ferguson this morning at 10 o'clock, she would give him a communication. He called about half-past nine, and Mrs. F. was out. I informed him that she had gone, by Spiritual impression, to relieve an epileptic, and that I thought it doubtful as to her return before noon. He waited, and precisely at ten o'clock she returned, and after being seated a few moments, addressed him as follows:

I feel lost in admiration and am constrained to say, "What is man, that the Omnipotent One is mindful of him?" Truly has he made him but little lower than the angels. That is, the power of God has not made him any lower, but his nature places him a little lower in the scale of intelligence, and not unfrequently his habits prostrate him far lower. We are brought this morning into admiration, sympathy and love.

Here advances one bearing in her arms, and close to her embrace, the image of a father's affection. She it is that desires to address a brother on this occasion. I come this morning to renew with you those kindred affinities that ever beat in unison with your own. I come that I may impart a lesson of love and love that shall speak to your soul of the onward progress of every mind brought under the influence of this great movement.

Let no idle curiosity bring you to the sacred retreats of the dead. You call them dead, but I would say living; for it is the true life of progress and hope, beyond all the conceptions of your frail mortality. Let us become one family. Let your hope be my hope, my life and destiny your destiny and happiness. Seek me from the divine impulses to know, yes, learn, that while in the body you hold kindred affinities binding you to your God, and which will ultimately unite you with all kindred associations. These associations are formed upon earth to be rekindled and brought out anew in that land where rests all that is pure and noble. Let your endeavor be high, then, and aspiring. I wish you ever to place before your mind a high end. I speak to you as one who loved you on earth, and I assure you that our kindred affinities are not lost, nor can they be obliterated by the cold hand that sunders us in life. They are ever expanding and enlarging toward that perfection that shall unite all the creatures of God.

O, Henry! I am happy to meet you on this occasion. I would like to advise and assist you in many a kind and affectionate admonition, could I be permitted. Throw off your childhood prejudices, and seek to live with me in the home of pure affection. Forget our childhood follies, and remember that we were but frail creatures, subject to common infirmities.

I pause here, and why do I pause? To speak to you and tell you I know you doubt. I see and feel it. You fear it is not the one it purports to be now addressing you. Can I not read your inmost thoughts? Your doubts hold me back. You must seek, seek with an earnest heart. Do not strive to pry out what can only be found by learning your own nature and its kindred communion with loved ones gone, and embraced in your God. We are not lost. We have not been rudely torn away, and conveyed to some foreign country. We are often brought round the home of our childhood, and the fondest associations of your life. I am often near your couch, and for good, and not evil, seek to impress your most silent thoughts. Months ago, had you been faithful to this cause, you might have been favored with the joy of embracing many as one. Every family—we re-echo it, and many glad voices shout in the re-echo—every family has it in their power to enjoy this holy privilege around their own fireside. This is true. Do you ask, then, why so few find it? They are not willing to cast off their false views of self-interest enough to honestly investigate. They feel that it is unpopular, fear that they may lose something of their earthly interest. They fear ridicule. They are afraid of themselves. They forget all that would make them men. I see it—feel it, and my heart is grieved at the sight.

I feel, too, for all your interests, and yet I say, be loosed from this chain. Be firm as a man, and you will know that this privilege has its home in the bosom of your God. No power can stop its progress. Many may smother its light by their mercenary motives and ends; but it will burst forth in other hearts, and so develop the pure in man, that you and all shall see his kindred in God.

When you return to your family and worldly interests, you will say, what good? The highest good. It will bind man to man, cut off their selfishness, unite their interests, in ways you can only see as your own soul is made to feel its divine nature. I ask you to investigate. It will heal your sick, soothe your dying, give new life and new hope to your weary heart, and thus reveal to you the spark of infinite wisdom to be expanded and brought forth in new vigor forever.

Singular! I see your wish, and must try and meet it before I close. The selfish interests of man will make him say, where can I gain some earthly good? My family depend upon me, and require my daily attention. Could I find a mine of gold, I would seek. To all such we would say, if you have no higher aim, do not seek it here. O, do not! Some have questions they wish answered. Let such seek of those

ever ready to answer what they do not understand. There are those who profess to gratify curiosity. I do not say it is right to seek them. No. My nature loathes and draws back from all such vanity and falsity. Be true to your mediums, be true to your Spirit-guides, and they will ever be true to your highest interests. Seek truth, and the interests of your mind and life, and you will ever find your communications in advance of you. This is all I am permitted to say now.

Henry—"Hal"—that you may know it is I, I will now describe one that ever lingers near me, and you will recognize her. Light, slender form, auburn hair, dark eyes, a smooth rather brunette complexion, who did not much exceed sixteen years. There is another, a boy, and another who bears to you a father's love. He was described yesterday. There are many kindred present, but the medium cannot bear more. I must close. Seek me, that you may know it is your sister. I would speak to you of the blooming flowers I once only too well loved, from my childhood to me—but the medium is too much fatigued. Believe in holding sweet communion with us, and you will know the truth of this noble cause. It will wait your best thoughts and noblest desires to our bright home of love and peace, where there is no enmity, no evil, no suspicion, but the bonds of an eternal brotherhood. Commune with me in your own family. There you shall be convinced. Cherish my memory, and I will visit you often.

Your affectionate sister,

CHARLOTTE.

A word to your father (addressing me). He will receive a communication before he leaves. Peace.

O. L. P.

REMARKS.

This promise was fulfilled upon the eve of his departure to Kentucky, but I had not time to copy the communication. Mr. Claiborne professed much gratification; said the descriptions were accurate as far as they went, but he could not say he either believed or disbelieved that he had been addressed by his sister. He seemed more confounded than convinced.

During the two weeks that followed this date, Mrs. F. delivered some six communications of the character of the above, to a number of individuals, copies of which were not retained, owing to their personal references. Among those whom I remember as receiving them, were my father, Mrs. M. C. C. Church, Mrs. Ramage and Miss Buchanan. In each case the evidences of identity were satisfactory, and in some overwhelming. The worthy family—one of the oldest of this State—to whom the above was delivered, have not hesitated to say that they have communed with their cherished Charlotte in truth and hope.

May 1st, 1855.

Dr. Carow present, received the following as a fulfillment of the promise made in the communication of the 5th of April. He was addressed as follows:

I know, this morning, we will meet with a welcome embrace. But he light that surrounds me is so bright I know not how to address you. Upon this beautiful May morning, I come back to renew the ties that bind us to you. You thought not that you would meet me upon this happy first of May, when many joyous hearts are sending their notes of praise to the All-wise and All-good. And yet how few of the bright eyes of these happy children-bands, can now see the trials and difficulties through which they must sooner or later pass! I, too, was once a child, and I yet love children, and feel the kindred throbs of the hearts of brothers and sisters. I am neither lost nor gone. It requires but one thought, but one desire to bring me back to the loved ones on earth. I knew that you would be a father to the fatherless, for you have a heart to sympathize with those left alone. And I had hoped that circumstances would have been brought about in such a manner as to have allowed you to act as a father and a brother to my kindred. But I still see it at a distance.

I come again to bespeak hope and encouragement to your heart. You, too, have passed through sore trials and conflicts; but in each and all you were guarded by an aged one. She now says that no longer do the rude waves of the wide Atlantic separate her from you, though the old world still retains her. But now the spark that re-unites her to you has been kindled in the infinitude of God. Time! oh, how swift its passage! Once you were a child like these, and so was I; but we are now maturing for the harvest that shall gather us home. Look back upon the last few months. They have been months of sore trial and bereavement to many. But could their sad hearts realize the bright hope we bring to all, they would arise from their disappointments, and rejoice in the prospect of a home of pure and eternal union. They would cast off the dark and gloomy fears that overshadow their hearts. They would feel that those for whom they sorrow are not lost, but have passed from their earthly vision. They still linger around those to whom they were tenderly united upon earth.

I see and I know that you desire to know that it is your own cherished one that is now communicating. A piece of poetry is now spread out before the mind of this medium, but we cannot impress her so that she can repeat it. [Some time elapsed, in which there was an effort to impress the poetry, but it was not done.] It cannot be impressed. O that it could! You would then know it is your "Kate." Could you have a medium through which we could speak without the aid of another, it could be given. But I have this to say, that when I penned this piece of poetry, I was looking forward to a day when, my earthly life closing, we would be separated. The memory of the opposition I had met from my kindred made me hope for a union beyond the grave; and these feelings brought forth an expression of mingled joy and sorrow. I felt that I had met with one heart that truly loved me, and mine was the love of devotion that no tongue could express in return. But these reminiscences bring me back. I cannot long withstand them. They gleam too vividly, and I see the workings of your heart.

Commune with me often, for I am often with you. I have had the joy of coming and administering with you around the bed of the dying. She is now present. And there is another here, described a few days since by this medium. She loved you for my sake, and because she knew you to have the heart of a man.

I wish you to devote an hour exclusively to this privilege. Of all men, physicians should be acquainted with this privilege. A true physician is a shining star. The healing effected is not intended to take his place. By no means. It is but a disclosure of these powers of mind out of which all true discoveries in healing have come. When called upon to heal, retire within yourself, commune with nature and your God, and we will be able to impress a thought and lend a helping hand. Again I say, amid the perils and sacrifices of a physician's life, of all others, they need this blessed privilege. It would give them new thought, and inspire their hope in many a desponding hour. Will you lean upon me, then, that I may lean upon you? I would clasp

you to this heart again and again, until we meet the many hearts that unite to welcome us to the home of happy friends.

Your

KATE.

REMARKS.

The above was delivered to Dr. Carow on the 1st of May, 1855, in the presence of Rev. C. F. R. Sheane, of Georgia. It will be noticed that it is a continuation of the communication of the 5th of April, and is from the same source. The poetry the medium could not repeat, he says was characteristically described, and that no one knew of its existence, as it had been found by him in a rare work on surgery that he was in the habit of consulting only on extraordinary cases; and it was written and placed there by Mrs. C. before her death, evidently with the hope that his eye only should ever see it.

The occasion referred to as one in which his grandmother was described to him, was during a conversation with Mrs. F. a few days since. She gave him a minute and accurate description, at the close of which a loud sound was made upon a table some ten feet from them, much to the astonishment of all. This lady had lived and died in Ireland, and of course was entirely unknown to the medium.

It is due to truth to say that this interview was, also, most convincing of the reality and happy influences of Spirit-presence to the reverend gentlemen present, and he has given an account of the same in the *Herald*, of Notasulga, Ala., in a manner that will at once show his high appreciation and candor.

There were many things said by the medium of a purely personal character that we do not feel at liberty to record.

May 14th.

FURTHER CONFIRMATION.

Dr. C. called on me to-day to say, that he felt it the part of honor to tell me that the promise of his Spirit-companion, that he should have unmistakable evidence of her presence in the privacy of his own room, had been strictly and repeatedly fulfilled—sounds upon various parts of the room responsive to his most serious thought, and other evidences he could not relate. He gave me one, however, very remarkable. During the earth-life of Mrs. C., her diploma as a graduate of our Female College, had been lost. She had expressed to him humorously that she would like to find it and place it with his. He had not thought of the matter afterwards. But on the night in which he received the above communication, he dreamed that it was in the house of a gentleman who lived eight miles in the country. The next day he met that gentleman in the city, and ascertained from him that he had purchased some furniture at the sale of Mrs. C.'s father, and that there were loose papers of no value in some of the drawers. This sale had occurred two or three years prior to the dream. The Doctor requested him to re-examine the papers, if they could be found, for the lost diploma. He said it was useless, as he knew the papers were destroyed. But strange to say, yesterday he sent a servant to the city with the diploma!

April 11th, 1855.

[This communication was overlooked in the order of place in our records.]

Mrs. F., under the direction of our relative, Mr. Parker, said: The glorious light of Spiritual life is gently stealing on its way. You know not, kind friends, the hope it brings us to be able to breathe forth the purified notes calculated to inspire all. You have been favored beyond your own imagination; and yet the new light is just beginning to dawn. The hope it will bring to every desponding heart, that it, too, shall live and hold communion with loved ones, is worthy of all the estimate you place upon it. But some proud heart will say, it will bring men too much upon a level. Such forget that their own nature is frail, and that they need the bright views of God and human destiny we bring to all. We meet all as kindred brethren, destined to one immortal rearing. All need, therefore all shall enjoy. Do not the poor, the desponding in life need it most? And shall we not proclaim these glad tidings to all?

The life and the labor of every pure, honest-hearted man, has the Christ to dwell in and bless him. We would inspire men with this hope. Christ, the image of God, dwelling in every bosom! Look up and behold how it points you to a worthy end! The light dawning must go forward. No power can stay it. It is born of God and not of man. Man's work is as of a day; God's of Eternity. The work of God, therefore, must shine forth until it shall purify every heart, and enliven both high and low. It will soothe the dying and comfort the distressed.

When you hear the hoarse voice of the distant thunder, you may hope that a gentle shower may succeed. So what you now hear is but a proclamation of what is yet to be brought forth. Man stands upon a mighty revolution. Its rumblings in the distance are already heard. You hear almost every heart anticipating it, yet no one seems to know or realize what it shall reveal. Time can only develop it; for it is not for us to ascend the mount of Prophecy; but we would say to every heart, be true, be prepared for the mighty epoch just ready to come forth. Do you not see and know that every tribe and kindred on earth is engaged in this mighty movement? Does it not embrace all? Yes, and my heart seems to re-echo the glad tidings it will yet proclaim to all!

Do you not see the prejudices of men gradually subsiding as they are being brought to know that a mighty conflict is at the door? We deal gently with all; but mark you, the men who oppose the dawning of this light already tremble with fear. They know its truth; they feel its depths, and therefore warn others against it. They fear for their mercenary ends, and they know that their sectarian forms cannot breast the storm.

Spiritualism is doing all that you could wish at this time. It is gradually falling over the minds of all who do not shut themselves up in outer darkness. Some seem to say, "We have enough of light, and therefore we'll close the door of our heart, and sit down and take our rest." We would say to such, see that you do not deceive yourselves. Why did an all-wise Creator spread abroad these green fields, meadows, and trees, if it were not to inspire you with new hope as you view the serene and calm power of nature that overrules all? Can you view those light and beautiful planets ever re-echoing the majesty and wisdom of God, and not desire higher attainments in him? The heart

within you calls for more, however false you may be to it. Can you look upon the beauty of the rose, and deny the hope of your nature? First comes forth the leaf, then the bud, and after it unfolds there blooms the sweet-scented flower. This is but a feeble comparison of the light, growth, and expansion of your heart when true to the native instincts that rest in your bosom.

I hear a voice, which says, "O, ye men of earth! why have you stood knocking for years gone by, and praying for a new millennium; and now, when the gentle breezes of your father's love are wafting it on, you close your eyes to the ties that were ordained to bind you to its kindred associations! But still they come forth, and invite both one and all to its inexhaustible repasts, which shall be spread for all people. Yes, we invite both one and all hither to enjoy the serene and comforting hope that will lead us on and on, and ever on, and will unfold and develop what has too often been crushed by some rude blast. Progression is the law of nature and the law of God."

Here advances one who stood around you in the hours of darkness, no later than the night just passed. I will endeavor to describe her, that you may remember the pleasing scenes of a child-companionship she nor you have not forgotten.

She is medium size; neither delicate nor gross; fair complexion; very rosy cheeks; pleasant, amiable countenance; hair neither light nor dark. She was a loved companion of your childhood. She asks to recollect, that you may recognize her, on an occasion at church, an old church of some five steps at its entrance, in a village of Virginia; you put forth your hand during the service, and by the mute signs of the alphabet, asked permission to accompany her home. I will describe for you if you wish the congregation, place, and circumstances. But she well knows there are more important matters that should be preferred to such descriptions. Do you recognize her?

F.—Yes; it is Minerva Ann Gray, and her presence and the recollections it awakens are welcome, thrice welcome.

Mrs. F.—The same. She is often near you, and awaits a day to tell you what she desires. She desires you to send a volume to her Brother in Missouri, of your published records. There is nothing further I would like to suggest. Everything speaks hope. The band of brothers who meet you at Mr. Champion's, if I do not mistake, are a band of Healing Spirits, mostly Indians. They are sent for the good of all. We have been present at your interviews, and watched over with an anxious watchfulness, and have rejoiced in their success. You are brought together there and here as one family. Your ends, your aim, your hope, your destiny, will be linked in one, and you will go on in that union that finds its fulness in the Infinite One.

F.—Did your prediction relative to ***** prove true?

Mr. P.—Not altogether—and why? He heard of it, and has tried to become a better man. This question prompts me to say, Be prudent, be cautious my good cousin. Your enemies are plotting again to crush this cause by crushing you. You never go nor come, but some hidden one sneaks along to peep through windows to pry out some misstep. O the hypocrisy of such men! If they could but get a hold they would come forth like cowardly and ravenous wolves to devour the prey they have not the manliness openly to meet. But their day is short, and God overshadows all who trust in his power.

I will meet you again and make many suggestions. I see the movement of many things that need prudent attention. But I cannot say more now. Ever and ardently your friend. Peace be with you all.

O. F. PARKER.

Mr. P. has given us such unmistakable evidences of his identity and interest in us, which we have noted in our published Records, we deem it unnecessary to attest any more. Suffice it to say that all his communications leave us without doubt, either as to his presence or affectionate regard. He is ever present when Mrs. F. submits to Spirit-impression, and seems to guard every point with most affectionate interest and watchful care.

CONSCIENCE.—When conscience is enlightened and refined, of course it is an excellent guide for a man's conduct, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding this, the conscience of every man is generally better than his actions. It is a step or two in advance even in the most ignorant and depraved. There is a still small voice that tells the thief and the swindler that what he is doing is not right. The voice he cannot still; and it makes him a sneak and a coward, in spite of himself. He feels that he would be a more expert knave without it; and would, perhaps, gladly silence it, for the invigoration of his nerves. But it haunts him for ever. Even on the scaffold, or in the garret, when he drinks the poison, or applies the loaded pistol to his mouth, it is still there—something better than himself—a counsellor to whom, had he always listened, he would have been a better and a happier man.

A FRAGRANT RECIPE.—The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalks as possible, and place them in a jar three parts full of almond or olive oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, it is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirit, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet scented blossoms is just approaching, this method may be practically tested, and without any great trouble or expense. It would add additional interest to the cultivation of flowers.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HOW OUR BODIES ARE MADE UP.—The following is a forcible illustration of the way we supply the natural waste of the body:

Let it be remembered that to take food is to make man. Eating is the process by which the noblest of terrestrial fabrics is constantly repaired. All our limbs and organs have been picked up from our plates. We have been served up at table many times over. Every individual is literally a mass of vivified viands; he is an epitome of innumerable meals; he has dined upon himself, supped upon himself, and in fact—paradoxical as it may appear—has again and again leaped down his own throat. Liebig states that an adult pig, weighing one hundred and ten pounds, will consume five thousand one hundred and ten pounds of potatoes in the course of a year, and yet, at the expiration of that period, its weight may not have been increased a single ounce.

SEXUAL, the Roman Philosopher, says: "The mind of man is like those fields, the fertility of which depends on their being allowed certain periods of rest at the proper seasons."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRO. J. M. K. will perceive, by referring to our issue of June 5th, that we have already published a letter from him, giving the material points of his printed communication, a copy of which he has just forwarded us. The latter is subject to his order.

A. J. MATTHEWS—Owing to the Editor's absence, and other circumstances, we have been unable to give the required attention to the manuscript you sent us, which we have now received. It shall, however, be attended to immediately.

WHEREIN HAVE WE OFFENDED?

In two or three instances, at least, the *Christian Spiritualist* has been noticed in these columns; and in respectfully calling the attention of our readers to its character and claims, we have observed in substance that its mechanical appearance was prepossessing, its contents diversified, etc., and that it regarded the spiritual phenomena and movement rather in their moral, social, and theological aspects and tendencies, than in their scientific relations and bearings. We expressed this opinion in all honesty, and with the kindest feelings. It would seem, however, judging from an article in the *Spiritualist* of the 20th ult., that if we did not commit an intentional offense against our neighbor, we at least entertained and expressed a very mistaken view of the character of his paper. In the number of the *Spiritualist* of that date, the editor, under the head of "Mr. S. B. Brittan's opinion of the *Christian Spiritualist*," proceeds to expose and correct our error in a formal manner. After quoting our opinion, as published in the *TELEGRAPH* of Oct. 28th, 1854, and May 10th, 1855, our friend has the following comments, designed at once to correct our misapprehension, to guard others against similar mistakes, and to make known the true character and objects of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

"The cautious wording of the first [article] 'impressed' us that Mr. Brittan inferred the theological character of the *Christian Spiritualist* from its title, rather than from an attentive study of its weekly issues; and we concluded to let that pass, hoping time and a better acquaintance would clear up the misapprehension."

As time, however, has not done that, (judging from the second item,) it may not be improper for us to call attention to the subject, as there may be others of a like opinion.

1st. Be it understood, then, that neither "THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE" nor the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, consider it a theological organ, nor do they seek to make it conform to, or expressive of any distinct phase of theology.

2d. They do wish it to be, and such it has been, the friendly advocate of Progress, in Philosophy, Science, Literature and Religion, since our connection with it. And in order to define positions, it commenced its issues with the theologies, moralities, manners and customs of society, from the standpoint of Jesus—"Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

In doing this, however, it has been the wish of all concerned, to do it in the spirit of charity and religion, remembering that life with all its imperfections is the gift of God.

If, however, it is theological to acknowledge Jesus above every other name, and contend for the Sovereignty of God as director of the agencies and economies of Nature, then in that broad and comprehensive sense it is theological. This view of religious belief, however, we have for some years considered philosophical rather than theological.

If to be scientific or philosophical, however, requires the neglect or ignorance of either of these, it is not scientific, and does not aspire to such a character.

When, however, Spiritualism can be in any sense consistently called scientific, the *Christian Spiritualist* will not be behind any paper in the world in vindicating the divinity of such Spiritual unfoldings. Until then, we shall work with the wisdom of the ages, to harmonize man with God, believing that to be the beginning of all wisdom.

We thus quote *verbatim* and at length the concluding remarks of Mr. Toohy, not because we propose to make a formal issue on the points involved, but simply to give him the benefit of his own statement respecting the character of his paper, and the objects of its editor and proprietors. By so doing we trust it will sufficiently appear that we have no disposition either to disguise or misrepresent the real claims of the *Christian Spiritualist* before our readers. Nevertheless, it may be proper to recur to the question at the head of this article: Wherein have we offended?

1. Did we misrepresent our neighbor in giving the intimation that it did not appear to be the chief design of that paper to investigate the spiritual phenomena scientifically? Let us see. In a notice of the *TELEGRAPH* published in the *Spiritualist* of May 5th, Mr. Toohy took occasion to say that this paper (the *Telegraph*) is well and favorably known for its facts, etc., (we follow our friend's italicizing) but that it might "lack variety." We took no exceptions to the notice, which was ostensibly written in a friendly spirit; we never thought of disputing our neighbor's opinion, notwithstanding we were familiar with the fact that it had been expressed elsewhere and on different occasions. Moreover, in treating of the current phenomena, the *Christian Spiritualist* has been somewhat accustomed to introduce examples under the significant title of "Facts for those who need them," thus seeming to imply that while our editorial friend himself did not at this late day require any such tangible displays of spiritual intelligence and power, others, less advanced in spiritual things, might profit by the record of their occurrence. Now if we know aught of the process of scientific investigation, it especially consists in the observation and classification of external phenomena, and their reference to their appropriate internal laws. If this definition is even proximately true, it will be perceived that the founder of a new science—unless he abandons all the usual methods—not only does need such facts as address the understanding through the senses, but he can not proceed one step without them. It was, for the reasons herein suggested that we expressed the judgment we did respecting the *Christian Spiritualist*'s method of treating the subject, and if in so doing we disparaged its true character and claims, we trust that the editor of that paper will do what he can to palliate our offense, thus unconsciously committed, by a wise reference to his own example.

As to the alleged want of "variety" in our paper, to be sure we were inclined to think that Mr. Toohy's opinion was not exactly the result, to use his own language, of "an attentive study of its weekly issues," but "we concluded to let that pass, hoping time and a better acquaintance would clear up the misapprehension." However, as our hopes in this respect have not been realized, and especially as our editorial brother has undertaken to correct our errors in a rather grave and formal manner, it may interest the reader to know that the number of the *TELEGRAPH* especially under review when our friend wrote his critique, contains as many distinct articles as the *Christian Spiritualist* of the same date wherein said critical notice appeared. Moreover, on examination, I find that the three succeeding numbers of the *Spiritualist* contain in the aggregate less than one hundred different articles, exclusive of advertisements, while the three numbers of the *TELEGRAPH* of corresponding dates contain more than one hundred and twenty in number. This is a matter of little or no consequence to ourselves, our readers, or, indeed, to

anybody else; and we merely mention the fact, thinking that possibly our neighbor may profit by his own criticism.

2. In our estimate of the *Christian Spiritualist*, did we err in giving it credit for too much interest in and attention to the social and ethical features of Spiritualism? If we did place its moral standard too high, it will at least be apparent that we erred on the side of charity.

3. Did we misrepresent the *Christian Spiritualist* in ascribing to it a character and standing, as a theological exponent, which it does not deserve? We confess that this is possible. Amiable people are liable to have their judgments warped by their friendships, and we are perhaps no better fortified at this point than our neighbors.

Now, so much of our original statement as is comprehended under the first head, in this analysis, was manifestly warranted by Mr. Toohy's own language, and his usual manner of treating the general subject. On the second and third points, as herein enumerated, we shall make a prompt retraction, should our friend require it in justice to the truth or himself.

We have devoted more space to this article than comports with our first intention, but we desired at once to disabuse the mind of Mr. Toohy in such a manner that we should have no further occasion to refer to the subject. We can not often turn aside from our ordinary duties to engage in any personal controversy, and least of all with those who with us are friends of a common cause; and we certainly should not have done so in this instance, had not the duty been prompted by a sense of justice alike to ourself and our friend. We trust that Mr. Toohy will not hereafter permit his judgment of what we may say to be influenced by the foregoing conclusion that we are inimical to his interests or those of the *Christian Spiritualist*. May we not entertain and express our own views, be independent and just, and at the same time be the friend of every man?

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

A. S. Hudson, under date of May 24th, gives us a friendly rating in reference to certain critic-provoking statements and doctrines which "every week or two" appear in the *TELEGRAPH*, and specifically illustrates his meaning in the following passage, which we extract from his communication.

An article in a late Number appears too curious to be overlooked. It is one of several specimens calculated to fix old prejudices, rather than to enlighten the waking mind upon one of the most startling themes the perplexed thought can contemplate. This communication stoops to the unworthy task of gratuitously lending the endorsement of Spiritualism to the crazy support of an array of preposterous assumptions. By these far-famed and far-fetched assumptions, I allude to Bible stories and sacred legends. If Spiritualism, even at this infantile period, had not a more fact-attesting existence than Scriptural tales, it would deserve all the aspersive irony and sneering invectives its opponents wish to invoke upon its modest head.

It appears in the highest degree probable that the spirit of S. S. Haskins, of the spirit realms—though he may have made considerable progress during his celestial opportunities—is, in the article spoken of, rehearsing much that is merely antiquated church-ridden sentimentality, from which he is not yet freed, etc., etc.

From a subsequent part of his communication, our correspondent would appear particularly scandalized at the fact that the spirit of Mr. Haskins recommended the observance of one day in every seven, as a Sabbath. He denounces this as a doctrine methodical, obsolete, and which ought to have had its demise with the dissolution of that spirit's earthly body. We notice this communication of Mr. Hudson, not for the purpose of taking either side of the question which it involves, but to show that the *TELEGRAPH*, and the Spirits for whose utterance it is a medium, have, at least in one instance, committed an offense by being too biblical; and we offer this fact as countervailing, in some slight degree, the frequent censures we have received from the ultra-orthodox, for the alleged offense of not paying sufficient deference to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, or rather to their interpretations of the same. Our readers will thus perceive that we stand between two fires; and this ordeal, perhaps, is the best that can be devised to test the combustibility or incombustibility of our theological and spiritual garments.

We would respectfully suggest to our present correspondent, however, that whilst ultra orthodoxy unquestionably presents narrow and soul-cramping views of the Bible, it is by no means impossible that some of those who oppose all so-called evangelical views of that book, may be equally bigoted and thought-restrictive in their own way, and that the two may perhaps amicably and truly compromise their antagonisms, by meeting each other somewhere near the middle of the long distance which now intervenes between them. It would be strange indeed if the tangential impulses of human affection, unguided by a broad, benevolent, and Catholic rationality, did not sometimes drive men into extreme positions in respect to each other; and this extremism is perhaps no more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the ultra-orthodox on the one hand, and the ultra-naturalist on the other. The former errs (as we humbly conceive) in imperatively and inflexibly requiring the human mind to assent to his view of the Bible, as a book which must be plenary inspired and necessarily infallible, simply because it happens to have traditionally come down to us as a Bible, and not on account of its intrinsic appeals to the rational faculty or the holier instincts of the soul; while the other equally errs in rashly spurning out the Bible without that careful, pure-minded, and interior investigation of its contents, which alone can reveal its true character.

In our humble judgment, he who really loves truth above all things, and is unbiased by prejudice, will be totally indifferent as to the source whence he may derive it, but will receive it with equal readiness, whether he finds it in the pages of the Bible, or in the more modern unfoldings of material and Spiritual existence; and whilst we would suggest to our ultra-orthodox friends that an opening of their eyes to a candid view of what is now going on around them might tend greatly to their enlightenment, we would likewise suggest to our ultra-naturalistic friends that a perusal even of the Bible for the purpose, not of discovering its errors, if it has any, but of finding and appropriating whatever of true and good may be contained in its pages, might not be barren of happy results, both as affecting their intellects and their hearts.

SMITH'S PANORAMIC "TOUR OF EUROPE."

This exhibition, after being kept open for several months, still continues to attract large and intelligent audiences every night and Saturday afternoon, at the Chinese Buildings, No. 539 Broadway. We are constrained to pronounce it, upon the whole, one of the best things of the kind we have ever witnessed. It consists of numerous views, taken on upward of thirty thousand square feet of canvas, and presenting the most interesting scenes in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, France, &c., together with a grand and imposing representation of the scene and bombardment of Sebastopol. Whoever witnesses the latter, can not fail to be impressed that Sebastopol is taken—on canvas, at least, if it is never to be taken in any other way. The contrivances to represent the explosions of powder, the boomings of cannon, and the din and rattle of an active siege, are most effective. Similar contrivances give impressive effect to the several representations of Mt. Vesuvius in a state of eruption, pouring forth streams of burning lava, and belching out red hot rocks with a terrific thundering sound. The views of Pompeii, Naples, Rome, Mont Blanc, Hamburg, Paris, etc., are either one of them worth the price of the entertainment; and, without further particularizing, we will add that those who have an opportunity to witness this exhibition once or twice ere it closes, will do themselves great injustice by failing to improve it.

PROPHETIC WARNING.

Mr. T. Cook, of this city, related the following interesting facts while in our office some days since. Mrs. C. is a rapping and writing medium, and is favored with many striking proofs of the intelligent agency of departed spirits. On one occasion, not long since, Mrs. Cook dreamed that the house in which she and her husband were residing was on fire—that the flames spread so rapidly that they were obliged to make their exit from a second-story window, and that the ladder on which they descended to the ground was on fire at the time. The dream occurred on Sunday night, and the impression on her mind continued to acquire additional force until the Tuesday following, when she packed all her jewelry and fine wearing apparel in two trunks, so as to be able to save them in case of the verification of her dream. The dream was most literally verified on Wednesday, May 16th, in the State of Virginia, where the parties temporarily reside. They both escaped from the window, whilst the building was internally and externally enveloped in flames, and the ladder on which they descended was actually on fire.

ANOTHER FACT.—One day the attention of Mrs. Cook was arrested by the rappings under her feet. On calling the alphabet the following communication was given:—"Your aunt Catharine is dead; go and see her; look in the *Herald*." Mrs. C. did not even know that the aunt referred to was in the city; nor had she any knowledge of her place of residence; but on looking in the *Herald* actually found a notice of the funeral which she attended, and there met the other friends of the deceased.

Mr. Cook states that they are always warned of impending dangers, either in this way or by direct communications given in writing or through the sounds; by the latter method when the health of Mrs. C. will permit, and by her impressions in dreams when in ill health, which was her condition at the time of this prophetic warning.

Home Truths for Sectarians.

Among all those who occupy the pulpits of the so-called evangelical churches, we know of no man who is more liberal in feeling and independent in thought than Rev. II. W. Beecher. He raps the creeds and their defenders on all sides, in such a manner as to damage their claims, and to lessen the popular respect for their authority. He at least has had the sagacity to discover, that it is the appropriate mission of the true reformer to break rather than to polish chains; and that merely gilding the walls of a dungeon, even in the latest style of modern art, does nothing to set the captive free. Mr. Beecher illustrates the kind of liberty fostered in theological institutions, in the following graphic description:

"There is nothing imaginary in the statement, that the creed-power is now beginning to prohibit the Bible as really as Rome did, though in a subtler way. During the whole course of seven years' study, the Protestant candidate for the ministry sees before him an unauthorized statement, spiked down and stereotyped, of what he must find in the Bible, or be martyred. And does any one acquainted with human nature, need to be told that he studies under a tremendous pressure of motive? Is that freedom of opinion the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free? Rome would have given that. Every one of her clergy might have studied the Bible to find the Pontifical creed on the page of death. Was that liberty? Hence, I say, that liberty of opinion in our Theological Seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumb-screw of criticism by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the student consists in a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, or the Baptist, or Methodist, Episcopal or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence it has now come to pass that the ministry themselves dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do study and search, they dare not show their people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them."

The modern "unpardonable sin," if we mistake not, consists in being "wise above what is written." The author of the preceding paragraph doubtless belongs to that class, but most of his brethren will be likely to escape suspicion.

Spiritualism on Long Island.

At the solicitation of a good friend, Mr. Jagger, of Riverhead, L. I., the editor of this paper visited that place and delivered a lecture in the Suffolk county Court House, on Saturday evening last. The audience was so large that all could not find seats or even suitable standing places inside. The space in the entry and about the door was filled with anxious listeners. The Swedenborgians are numerous at Riverhead, and they are a highly intelligent and respectable people, as they are elsewhere and in all places. Our New Church friends have a new and beautiful place of worship in the village, and are evidently in a prosperous condition. They manifested a liberal spirit on occasion of our lecture, many of their number, including their esteemed and venerable pastor, being present.

Spiritual Meetings at Southold.

The friends of Spiritualism in and about Southold, L. I., are becoming somewhat numerous and zealous withal, to extend a knowledge of the truth which has done so much to enlighten their minds, and to quicken within them the elements of "faith, hope, and charity." They have already made arrangements for a course of public lectures to be delivered at stated periods through the year. The next morning, after the lecture at Riverhead, (Sunday 10th inst.) the writer of this rode some eighteen miles to Southold, and delivered two lectures—the first in the proposed course—to large, intelligent and attentive audiences. The morning meeting was in the Academy, and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock the audience assembled in the Universalist Church, Rev. Mr. Biddle the pastor being present and taking part in the services. There were a number of persons at the meetings who reside in Greenport, and several came from other places at a distance of from ten to eighteen miles. We have some excellent friends at Southold, and we understand that Spiritualism is exciting a deep interest in Greenport, and other neighborhoods on the eastern portion of the Island.

A letter from Mr. Partridge, describing the manifestations in Athens Co., Ohio, was received just as our present issue was going to press, but too late to be put in type for this Number. It will appear in our next.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. L. L. PLATT.

New York City, May 21, 1855.

I wish to say a few words to our spiritual friends, through your widely circulated and excellent paper, with regard to the mediumship of Mrs. L. L. Platt. I have been stopping with the family some two weeks, and have had several cases of diseased persons examined through her, for whom prescriptions have been given. Her descriptions have been remarkably accurate as far as my knowledge extends, and her prescriptions very simple and appropriate. They are generally selected from the vegetable kingdom. She also possesses very remarkable psychometrical powers, and gives descriptions of character by holding a letter with a specimen of the person's hand-writing, tracing the different traits peculiar to each with the most perfect precision. I most cheerfully bear testimony to the healthfulness of her remarkable gifts, and would recommend those who wish such examinations or tests to call on her. She is a lady of pure and elevated sensibilities, very highly spiritualized, and seems surrounded by an atmosphere of purity which no one can fail to discover and feel in her presence.

OSOR JOHNSON.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

A SIMPLE BUT STRONG CASE.—Mr. Snyder, of Greenport, L. I., informs us of the following convincing proof of independent Spirit-intelligence which occurred in presence of himself and a portion of his family as mediums.—Mr. S. had, a few months previously, met in a street of New York, a young man of his acquaintance, of the name of Abraham Miller. The latter had but recently returned from a sea voyage; and Mr. Snyder asked him, "Where are you going now, Abraham?" Said he, "I'm going home now to stay with the old man,"—meaning his father who resides at Athens, a village opposite Hudson, on the North River. Mr. S. heard no more of Abraham, thinking he was at home with his father, until several months afterward, when the Spirits one day unexpectedly spelt out by the alphabet, "Abraham Miller is here." It was asked, "What Abraham Miller?" and it was answered, "Of Athens." The Spirits then went on to state that he had died at sea, and gave the name of the vessel on which he died, the name of the disease, and mentioned the month and the day of the month on which his death took place. A week or two after receiving this communication, Mr. Snyder met a man from Athens, and commenced with him a conversation on spiritual subjects. The man ridiculed the idea of Spirit-intercourse, when Mr. S. asked him, "Where is Abraham Miller?" "O," said the man, "he's dead." "Now," said Mr. S., "as you sneer at Spiritualism, say no more, and see if I can tell you something about Miller's death." He then proceeded to tell the name of the vessel, the month, and the day of the month, on which he died, and also the name of his disease, as he had derived his information from the Spirits. "That," said the man, "is precisely so in every particular, unless the name of the disease be incorrect, for I don't know what was his disease." Afterward, on comparing dates, Mr. Snyder discovered that, as nearly as could be ascertained, his Spirit-information concerning the young man's death had been received about three days before the intelligence was brought to his friends through the ordinary channel.

LAYING ON OF HANDS.—Mr. J. W. Rouse, a Spirit-medium, in Greenport, L. I., called, some two or three weeks ago, on Mrs. W., a neighbor, and found her severely indisposed with the mumps, with face swollen on both sides, and much fever and pain. He was impressed to place his hands upon her head and face, and pass them down over her arms, and by that means soon caused a profuse perspiration, and apparently an entire relief from the fever and pain. The lady then told Mr. R. that her little daughter was in bed in the adjoining room suffering under the same disease, and requested him to give her any aid in his power. He went in and requested the little girl to sit up, but this she was unable to do from sickness at the stomach. He then commenced making passes over her swollen cheeks as she lay, and soon removed the fever, pain, and sickness at the stomach, so that the child got up, sat at the table and ate her supper, and subsequently felt no inconvenience. On that same evening Mrs. W. took cold by sitting in her little store where it was somewhat damp and chilly, and the next day Mr. Rouse, calling on her, found her suffering a severe relapse. He commenced manipulating her again as before, when all at once her interior sight was opened and she saw the Spirit of her brother standing before her, indicating by his motions the kind of passes which the manipulator should make. Mr. R. followed the suggestions as described to him by the Spirit-seer, until the Spirit turned his back, walked away and disappeared, when Mrs. W. felt perfectly relieved, and afterward experienced no more difficulty from the disease.

PREMONISHED BY A VISION.—Dr. B. F. Hatch, of this city, calling at our office, has just stated to us, that having been in Lowell lecturing, on Sunday, May 20th, he was about to depart from there on the Wednesday following, (he had actually procured his passage tickets, when Mr. James Foster, the gentleman at whose house he had been staying, said to him, "I think you had better not go to-day; I had a vision this morning, in which I saw you passing safely over the railroad until you got to the steamboat, and then you found some trouble; I did not perceive what it was." In consequence of this premonition, Dr. H. who had great confidence in Mr. Foster as a visionary, concluded to defer his departure until the next day. After taking his seat in the cars on the following day, a paragraph in a Boston paper arrested his attention, which reads as follows:

"Our New York correspondent informs us that the steamboat Commonwealth is laid up in New York for repairs; she has broken her piston-rod, which in fact was never properly made. The Connecticut broke her walking-beam last week, and is also in the dock for repairs. So that no boat ran last night on the Norwich route."

It was by the Norwich route that Dr. H. had proposed to return to New York. And so he was saved an unpleasant delay in the midst of his journey, by this timely monition of his friend, who spoke from interior perception.

VISCAL WARNING.—Mr. G. W. Washington, a friend of ours, relates to us the following experience which recently occurred to Mrs. Mathews, a colored woman in Williamsburgh, whom he had employed to do some service. She appeared to herself to be looking out of her front door, in South sixth-street, Williamsburgh, when she saw a vehicle coming with a peculiarly marked horse, bringing a coffin which was carried into her front door and up stairs. The coffin seemed to be for one Mr. Johnson who lived in the same house; and she was at the same time impressed that two other persons in the house were to die not long after the death of Mr. Johnson. Mr. J. was at that time apparently in perfect health, and it was thought very improbable that he could be so near the terminus of his mortal life as the vision seemed to intimate. Shortly after, however, he took sick, and died; and what is still more remarkable is, that Mrs. M. saw the coffin brought to the house and carried up stairs in the same manner, by the same persons, and with all the same attending circumstances, as she had previously seen in her vision. Since the death of Mr. J. another person has died in the house; but the third person which her vision pre-intimated would die, has not yet gone.

THE PROGRESS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—Mr. F. F. Cary, who has lately been travelling much in the western part of this State writes us on business, from Binghamton, and incidentally remarks: "The immortals are doing wonders as I incidentally hear in my travels. Not a county or a town do I pass through but I hear of the marvels. I have met many of our friends who are firm in the truth. They have become as little children, willing to be taught." On the first Sabbath in May, Mr. C. was on a visit to some friends in Wyoming Co., where he heard the Spirits discourse most eloquently through a Miss York and a Mrs. Griffin. These ladies speak from a state of trance, perfectly unconscious to the external world, and our correspondent speaks in the highest terms of the mental phenomena manifested through them.

THE CAUSE IN ALBION, MICH.—Mr. J. L. Rock, of Albion, Mich., writes that Spiritualism has obtained a sure foothold, and is having a healthy growth in that flourishing town of some eighteen hundred inhabitants. They have "preaching" regularly three times a week by Miss Sprague, a young lady who speaks under Spirit-influence. Of her abilities, or rather of the Spiritual influences speaking through her (she having but little education) our correspondent speaks in the highest terms of commendation; and her appeals are said to be of equal cogency to church members and to infidels.

SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen.—On the occasion of a recent visit to the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane, at Jacksonville, Illinois, remembering that much of the prejudice existing against Spiritualism, arises from the "big stories" about about its "making people crazy," it occurred to me, that there was a favorable opportunity for comparing notes on this point with "Orthodoxy." Accordingly I obtained a report from the Trustees, made up to December, 1854, and here is the result of my examination of the same. This report covers the admissions into the hospital from November 3d, 1851, to November 29th, 1854. Omitting "dates of admission, age, sex," and "civil condition," I am able to condense it into a small compass. Here it is:

"Study of the Scriptures and religious excitement, . . . 23
"Spirit-rappings, . . . 7."
With the latter, the duration of insanity before admission into the hospital, was from two weeks to eleven months (only two of them over five weeks), and at the date of the report all of them had entirely recovered and been discharged; while with the former, the duration of insanity before admission was as follows: Three of them from eight to eighteen years, four from one to three years, and the remaining sixteen from one week to six months—seven of the twenty-three seemingly incurable. This institution contains over two hundred patients; there is no other in the state, and as Illinois has a population of about one million inhabitants, I think its report may be taken as a fair exhibit of the relative influence of the old and the new regime.

Respectfully,

HAMILTON WADE.

St. Louis, June 3, 1855.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF JUNE 6.

Dr. Hallock alluded to the occasional manifestations of mental acuteness usually exhibited by candidates for public favor, in being able to look quite through the obvious conclusions of common minds, and see, not an opposite result, as might naturally be supposed from their profundity, but nothing at all; that is to say, two men observe the same fact—an invisible form moves a ponderable body. They address the unseen power, whatever it may be, as though it were in some way connected with intelligence, and receive an intelligent compliance with their varied requests. Prompted by the singularly human characteristics of the motor, they ask, Who or what has done this? Answer. Not Mr. "Detached Vitalized Electricity,"—not Mr. "Dual Action," M.D., but plain John Doe from "the other side of Jordan." Straightway the power goes on to illustrate the well-known idiosyncrasies of the said John, and then the curtain falls, leaving our two spectators to themselves and meditation. No one (common man) proceeds to speculate on something like this plan. "The producing cause of this phenomenon was invisible. If it was 'Detached Vitalized,' Esq., 'on a bust,' nobody saw him; if it was Dr. 'Dual Action,' as the New England philosophers assert, he didn't appear, any more than his old friend, 'John Doe.' But as this phenomenon was full of Mr. Doe's peculiarities, and rich in tests of his identity, with never a fact of the definitely ascertained peculiarities of either of the other two illustrious, but not very well-known gentlemen, he concludes with the usual recklessness of common sense, that John Doe was the producing cause of the effects just witnessed. Not so, No. two (philosopher). He ruminates in this wise. 'John Doe, being defunct, is not a motor,' recognized in any orthodox catalogue of mechanical powers. Therefore it must have been the 'detached vitalized,' set in motion by 'dual action.' This sage conclusion is strangely backed up by a case in point, from 'the book.' Once upon a time, the Welsh savans put in a claim for the honor of the discovery of America, founded upon the voyage of the illustrious Prince Madoc in the eleventh century, who put to sea and never returned. From this they wisely concluded that he must have gone to America, and that for the plain reason—if he did not go there where else could he have gone? a question which most Socratically shuts out all further dispute. (History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker, Book I, chap. iii, page 51.) There are, however, two slight objections to the conclusion of spectator No. two, which unsettle its gravity, notwithstanding the learned precedent just cited—a want of faith and a want of truth. No. two does not believe in it himself. He first asserts it by denying any other possible cause, and then calls on the doctors and patients of all the lunatic asylums in Christendom to ascertain if it be true. Then he declares, virtually, all his answers to be the absolute reflex of his own mind, which can't be so; because "John Doe" was not in his mind—"John Doe is a myth"—ruled out of court as a witness by the decision, "there is nothing spiritual in it," (vide Dr. Bell's report). His mind was filled to the brim with "Dual Action" when he asked the question; not another idea could be got in or out, and yet the response was "John Doe." And this response is universal—"John Doe" will not be put down. He flings this everlasting declaration of his own spiritual identity in the face of all opposers, perplexing and confounding them by his presence and eternal assertion of himself as much as of all their great prototype, the renowned governor of the island of Barataria, was confounded by the memorable lecture of Dr. Pedro Poritón on dietetics. They shout at the top of their voices "Dual Action," and discharge the thunders of "detached vitalized electricity" until the "involuntary chambers" are exhausted, (which, fortunately for the world, does not take long), and echo mille ansvers "John Doe." When they recover their mind again they sit down and write, "All the responses of pretended spiritual origin are mere echoes of the ideas of the interrogator." He concluded by stating some facts showing the origin of responses to be not invariably the mental state of the circle. On one occasion the circle, much interested in a subject they were discussing, with one accord expressed a desire to see what our Spirit-friends would say upon it. The signal for the alphabet was immediately given, and while we listened with curious ears for their expected opinion, the ponderous table gave the word "manganese"—a capital thing in its place, but having nothing whatever to do with the subject. On another occasion, when we all supposed they were about to spell the usual words with which they bid us good night, it being within five minutes of the time, and the first two letters, "La," received, the word completed was *Laurocrassus*, (cherry laurel), a remedy not only unthought-of at the time, but one which went a begging for a case to which it would apply, until a gentleman present was reminded of it by having the name of a patient of his spelled out to him.

Dr. Warner related several facts to the same point. In one instance, a medium who was very anxious to be convinced that she was a medium, asked for physical manifestations, supposing if she saw any they would be such as usually occur through the table around which herself and friends were sitting. While waiting thus in anxious expectation to see the table move, a gas-burner full twenty-five feet off was lighted, and immediately the lady's hand wrote, "I lit the gas. Jony's"—the name of a brother in the Spirit-world.

A gentleman remarked that the unlocking of combination locks, as had been frequently done by direction of this invisible intelligence, was clearly beyond the knowledge of the circle. We cannot impart to another mind, however impressive, the knowledge of a fact which we are ignorant of ourselves. However fertile a soil may be, it will not grow wheat of itself, and when we see it covered with the golden harvest, we know the germ must have been planted by some one who had the article to dispose of.

Mr. Poole said he presumed it was matter of common observation with Spiritualists that the circle is often at fault, in anticipating words or parts of sentences in communications being made through the alphabet. These errors on the part of the circle clearly indicate that the subject matter, or at least its modification, is not a mere reflex of the minds present.

Dr. Gray stated that a few days since one of his children came into the room and said the tea-table which had just left was being moved with considerable force, and he had better come in and see it. There was no one at the table except his children and a young gentleman, a (medium), who took his seat at the table with them just as he left it. When the occurrence was related, he supposed it was for the benefit of the children that the manifestation was made, and went back to the table with the child with that idea in his mind. The violence of the movement soon ceased to the usual degree of force employed to indicate a call for the alphabet, when there was spelled out, "We suggest the application of a small blister," etc., etc., giving the name of the person and the locality of its desired application. He was not thinking of the case at all; yet in this circle of children, this benevolent thought was suggested to him. This is one among thousands of similar facts in his experience. Mr. Ives related a colloquy between an invisible intelligence and a friend of his in regard to the whereabouts of a book which was wanted; his friend contended that it was in a certain place in another room where he had placed it himself, and he knew no other person had knowledge of the fact, or access to the room to remove it; per contra, it was asserted to be in the room where they were then sitting, which proved to be the case. He felt himself at a loss to know how this could have been a reflection from his friend's mind, seeing his friend's commitment to an entirely different locality, based on the authority of his own agency in placing the book there, with strong circumstantial evidence against its removal without his knowledge.

Dr. Gray continued by saying, that notwithstanding abundant evidence of undoubted spirit-intercourse, we should not lose sight of what spirits in the body can do. It did not undervalue the importance of, or weaken his faith in, spiritual facts to know that a human being in the trance state can manifest mental powers bordering on what once would have been deemed the supernatural. The facts developed in clairvoyance show that it belongs to the divine nature of man. In itself it is a proof of immortality. We have to lay the body asleep to develop it. The nearer we bring the body to the passivity of death, the more wonderful is the manifestation of this mental attribute, which shows it is a faculty belonging to the immortal nature, and one to be used hereafter. Thus the spiritual status of the medium is clearly demonstrated, and by inference immortality. But of that glorious fact there are more direct proofs than inference can furnish, such as writing in trunks and locked rooms, the production of visible hands and other parts of the body, pencils writing without visible contact, etc. Yet for all this it is good for us to know that everything has its roots and proper sphere of activity, and that we in the body are spirits too far-reaching and varied powers—powers which will expand and become more potent the more they are exercised in harmony with the law of their development.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

On the third and fourth pages of our present issue will be found a letter by Prof. Hare, addressed to the Episcopal clergy. It will doubtless command the special attention of our readers.

Original Communications.

THIRST FOR TRUTH.

Now, reason, bring thy glass,
Through which the book of nature I may scan,
And trace the aim and destiny of man:
I would know, but, alas!
Mine eye is dim;
Mine ear is deaf to nature's constant hymn.
For I have bowed to art,
As man should never bow to earthly shrine—
(Thereby forgetting that a link divine
Makes him of heaven a part.)
Till I am dull
To nature's truths, so deep and beautiful.
I grope as grope the blind,
After the things which I can faintly feel,
Having an intense yearning to unseal
The mysteries of mind;
'Twill nature teach.
Are not the things within our mortal reach?
If I have "quenched the Spirit"
That in each bosom hath a holy place—
If I have groveled with earth's groveling race,
I know that I inherit
A wish to turn
From these false ways, and purer lessons learn.
Through life, thus far,
I have been leaning upon crumbling things,
And binding down my spirit's fluttering wings;
All heedless of the star
That would have been
A faithful guide, had I but looked within.
This thraldom must not be—
This blindly following after blinder guides;
Upon the truth that superstition hides,
Though a forbidden tree,
I fain would look,
And therefore will I go to Nature's open book.

HEED NOT THE SONG THAT HAUNTETH THEE.

Supposed answer by the mother to "The Song that Haunteth Thee," which appeared in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, June 23, 1855, by Miss Bishop.

Oh! heed not dearest daughter,
The song that haunteth thee,
For angels come with numbers sweet,
And the interior senses greet,
With healing melody.
For health, and love are in the strain,
To soothe thy thoughts again to bliss,
To whisper we must part were pain,
And could they, dearest, come for this?
I've watched thee, dearest, year by year,
And many times the sigh
Of pleasure stealing soft and low
Would o'er my wakeful moments flow.
When lying by thy side,
The angel's song, a joyous note,
And cheering sound to glad life's way,
Which buoyant o'er the senses float—
Such, dearest, is an angel's lay.
I listen, dearest, and I hear
The song that haunteth thee;
It tells that joy shall still be thine,
That truest joy, for which you pine,
Life yet hath sweets in store.
That pain and sickness soon shall fly,
And health once more embrace thy form.
Like the fair orient of the sky,
Blushing in beauty into morn.

NEW YORK, June 2d, 1855.

AN HYMN OF DEATH.

Death is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.
Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The Heavenly City's door;
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life forever more.
Death is the mightier second birth,
The unavailing of the soul;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.
Death is the purer, nobler spring,
The second Eden's bloom;
The robe of bliss that angels bring,
Our victory o'er the tomb.
Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore;
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.
Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet;
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.
Death is a song from seraph lips,
The day-spring from on high;
The ending of the soul's eclipse,
Its transit to the sky.

NEW ORLEANS, May 20, 1855.

T. L. H.

NOTE.—The reader will readily discover in the foregoing poem a resemblance in style to a beautiful hymn of Montgomery's, commencing with "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." I am not conscious of deriving any ideas from that exquisite lyric, but gladly acknowledge my obligation to it, as a form or measure, which has determined the external harmony of the present brief effusion.

CANCERS AND FITS.

"WHAT GOOD HAS SPIRITUALISM DONE!"

BROS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Rev. John Chambers, in a sermon against Spiritualism, asked the above question, and our opponents very often do the same, but, like the Rev. J. C. and most others, ask *when* and *where* no one is allowed to answer. For the good of suffering diseased humanity, I give the following case from Mr. S. B. Johnson of this city, whose card your readers will notice in another column. She is one of the best clairvoyants, and possessed of the greatest healing powers that I have ever met with in my experience. Several past mortem examinations have proved beyond a doubt the correctness of her diagnosis, as well as the wisdom of her prescriptions and general treatment, proof of which is to be seen in her great and unparalleled success in cancers, scrofulous sores, ruptures, uterine, and other diseases set aside as "incurable" by those who prescribe "by authority" of the "sheepskin diplomatic" fraternity. Others more important than the cures I am now about to refer to will be forthcoming in order. But to the facts:

"This is to certify that some 40 years ago I had my skull broken in on the top of my head near the organ of hope, about the size of a silver dollar; have never had it 'trepanned,' and about one year ago the pressure of flesh over the brain caused 'epileptic fits,' as physicians called them. These 'fits' occurred every two or three weeks, and often I had twenty-five during the attack, which kept me in a deranged state or twenty-four hours or more at a time. My case was thought hopeless. I made my will, and expected soon to die. In January last, I called on Mrs. Johnson, who was a perfect stranger to me. She told me 'all that ever happened to me,' and cured me in two months. She has also cured my wife; since that time I, a cancer of six years' standing on her face and another on her abdomen, which was caused by a fall and rupture which destroyed her health otherwise, and confined her to the house for four years. We subscribe cheerfully to these statements for the benefit of the afflicted generally, and as a tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Johnson, who, under God, has lengthened out our lease of life on earth."

GEORGE CRIST. LUDIA CRIST.

PHIL., Pa., May, 1855.

C. H. DE WOLFE.

"THE CRISIS."

MR. BRITTAN:

The above is the title of a small periodical, edited by Rev. Henry Weller, to which I have long wished to call the attention of Spiritualists, both on account of the independent stand it has taken, and the liberal views it maintains. The editor evidently has a word of his own to utter—a word that has been given him—so that his journal is not a mere echo of the voice of the Swedish sage. Devoted to the *Inner Life*, rather than to the doctrines of the new church, it ignores all external organizations assuming that name, except so far as they are inwardly conformed to the very spirit of the new heavens built up in the likeness of that celestial city whose foundations are as precious stones. Thus, in answer to an earnest inquiry concerning the propriety of becoming a member of a society or a church where subscription to a creed is required, which abridges individual freedom, the editor thus responds:

No society which abridges true individual freedom can be a true Church; nor can any subscription to any creed form a bond of membership. All societies thus formed are mere fictitious—paper kites out to imitate a man, and let fly to attract the attention of the world. A real body has its members knit together by love which is life. A member belongs to a body only because, in that body, it finds its true life, and performs a corresponding function or use, by means of which it gives and receives a constant accession of life. We utterly ignore all mere external fixings-up—societies made to order, cut out by pattern, and measured by rules and lines of human demerit; or rather, we regard them as the childish fictions of a by-gone age. We believe in a slow, gradual growth of societies, in an orderly way, from the internal to the external; and not first making the shell, and then fitting the oyster into it.

In an editorial article of May 1, headed "Spiritual Publications—What Spiritualism is doing for the New Church—Jews and Samaritans," we find the following liberal and candid remarks, which contrast very strangely with the forcibly self-righteous aloofness and sneering allusions to "Pseudo-Spiritualism" of several of the New Church periodicals. He says:

We have certainly been wanting in common courtesy to our brethren of the Spiritualistic faith, in not noticing some works which have been sent us for review in the *Crisis*. Of these, Brittan's "Tables Turned" and Courtney's "Review of Dr. Dodd's Involuntary Theory," we attempted to write editorial notices; but it seemed so like "breaking a fly upon the wheel" to cut and mangle the shallow theories of those who be philosophers who attempted to invalidate the reality of Spiritual intercourse, that the subject seemed to escape our grasp, from the very nothingness these able writers felt themselves called upon to combat.

We exchange with four of the Spiritual periodicals. The *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, published at 300 Broadway, N. Y., is, we believe, the oldest, and never fails of having in each number some ably-written articles, independent of the general array of the facts of Spiritual manifestation. There is a cautious scrutiny also maintained in that periodical upon all alleged facts, that gives its records a reliability that is not shared by some of the more credulous and enthusiastic, its main tendencies being in the direction of the scientific philosophy of the movement.

The *New Era* and *Christian Spiritualist* are also spoken of with liberal discrimination; and after some general remarks in regard to the attitude of Spiritualists towards the writings of Swedenborg, he thus speaks of the professed receivers of his disclosures:

But what shall we say of our New Church brethren, who either resolutely attribute all Spirit-manifestations to infernal sources, or look down upon them as utterly insignificant, and beneath their notice. This we will say, that to the majority of receivers, a greater accession of faith in Spirit-life has been gained than they have any conception of. On the very first announcement of Davis's lectures, and the very first beginnings of Spirit-rappings, we were witness to a more eager listening hold of those external aids as corroborative of Swedenborgian testimony, than many of the same persons would now like to confess. Their first action confesses to a *taut fear and doubt*, which these senses demonstrably dispelled. Until within a few years, how many recipients of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem have not wished that the *memorable relations* had never been written. And our most conservative brethren were strongly opposed to the publication of the "Spiritual Diary" of Swedenborg. To declare one's self a Swedenborgian was no ordinary effort, and but few strong minds could face the ridicule of the world; but now—oh, how changed! "Are you a Spiritualist?" "Oh, no!" exclaims the member of the most select and intellectual portion of the Christian Church; "I am a New Church-man, vulgarly called Swedenborgian;" and he utters this with the proud consciousness of a hundred years shedding their hoary honors upon his faith. So we go; everything is new and visionary till something newer comes, and then we gather around us the mantle of prescription, and settle down into the acknowledged respectabilities of the age.

By reference to the first volume of the *Crisis* (it has now reached a third), we find that the editor is not without personal Spiritual experiences, that his interiors have been opened to conscious intercourse both with societies of Spirits in the interior and the departed members of his own family; and that he apprehends great good from the realization of the general "Communion of Saints," and the sweet interchange of thought and affection between friends on earth and their kindred in the skies.

As an illustration of the purer form of Spiritual developments among our friends in the West, and of the spirit in which they are received by this journal, we condense an account of a remarkable child, a boy of eight years, whose funeral was attended by Mr. Weller:

The mysteries of the kingdom of heaven were plain and tangible facts to the open vision of our Spiritual boy. His inquiring mind was ever grasping knowledge far beyond his years. In the Spiritual and natural scientific plane, he wandered in calm delight, ever gathering some new rays of light to brighten the chambers of the soul; with care and deliberation would he analyze everything presented to him, and intuitively hold all worth possessing in the storehouse of his memory and assimilate it to his life, while the false and the unlovely dropped off. . . . A calm reflection shown through all his life; never impetuous, never rude or unkind, he seemed in everything to be taught by the angels. Each act of his life had reference to the end he aimed for, living as the angels do.

He trod the earth, finding beauty at each step. Everything in nature spoke to the listening child. His delight in flowers was very marked; he loved to plant and cultivate them, and watched day by day their development with perfect patience, and each new bud of promise would cause a radiant smile to brighten his face. And then in this as in all things he was unselfish. After tending the delicate buds to the moment of perfection, he would pluck them for those he loved, and every day would find a fresh bouquet arranged by his careful hand upon my table. Angel-boy, the flowers of paradise now breathe their sweet perfume over thee!

A child in nothing but his spotless innocence, his society was welcome to all, from the aged, worn traveler who loved to listen to his deep words of wondrous wisdom, down to the infant cradled on its mother's breast. To all he came a ministering angel, bathed in the exquisite fragrance of his own heaven of mingled innocence and wisdom.

When only three years old he had a clear perception of the separation of the Spirit (or life as he termed it) from the body, and described it as being like taking off a glove and throwing it down; when it was on the hand covering it, it seemed to have life, but it was only moved by the hand within it, and had no life of itself. This was his own illustration and his own language.

About two years since, when very ill, and as we supposed dying, he roused to say he saw around him a band of angels, mostly beautiful children, who loved him and looked happy, and smiled upon him because he was going to them. During his illness they remained consciously with him, but he grieved to have them recede as they did when he recovered.

Always held to earth by a frail cord, and suffering from his birth from constitutional difficulty, yet it never clouded the serene beauty of his life, but undoubtedly had the effect to open his inner life in a marked manner.

As pure and holy as his spirit was, yet at times he was annoyed by dark forms of evil seen about him. At one time he roused his mother from sleep by sliding his tiny hand into her hair, and saying that these

"Mother, don't you see those dreadful animals all about me with faces like men? They want to trouble me, but they can't come near enough, for there are beautiful children, ah! so beautiful, all in light, close to me, that only raise their hands and then the dreadful animals go away. The angels will take care of me, mother, and the others dare not touch me."

But more remarkable perhaps than all was a dream he had a year and a half since, of being in heaven, in a beautiful garden filled with fruits and flowers, playing with joyous children who were so kind and gentle that he felt at home among them; but the thought came that he must return to earth, and it made him sorrowful, when a sweet little girl whom he tenderly loved, threw her arms about him and kissing him, told him to be happy; he would not have to stay long away from them, for in his *ninth year* he would come to dwell with them forever, and never more leave the beautiful heaven-world.

Ever after he spoke of the little dream-aiden as *his own*, and always insisted if he lived to manhood, which he felt he should not, he would never marry, for he knew his little twin-Spirit was in heaven, and no other could he love; and this he would say in his most Spiritual moments, in all the calm confidence of mature thought.

This little maiden ever present to his Spirit-vision, prompting him to be pure and sinless. When he prayed that he might not be her, and he would say he tried to be good that she might not be pained!

In the deepening twilight he would always seat himself in his little arm-chair and beg for a bible story, and as he listened, even if the same had been repeated many times before, the interest seemed to deepen, and his beautiful eye would dilate and beam with a soft intense fire, each vein and artery of the delicate body throbbing with emotion, until he could no longer retain his seat. Slowly and gradually he would rise and stand noiselessly close beside the narrator, gazing in breathless eagerness for each word; often have I looked with wondering admiration upon this beautiful child, in these moments, and felt he would not long be held to earth. Matured in all things save the frail body, he was ever a living book to read new beauties in. Ever fresh and varying were the phases of life he presented, for in all things he was *himself*; borrowed from no one, living his own life of perfect harmony, sweetly singing the notes of heaven amid all the discord, and upon many a heart those sweet notes stole who will find them echoing still in far-off years.

It must not be inferred from the extracts we have given, that this journal is mainly devoted to a record of Spiritual phenomena; these rather come in as beautiful episodes to its more grave discussions.

There is now nearly completed in its columns, and soon to be issued in book-form, an earnest and original work, entitled "The Conflict of the Ages Ended," being a "Succedaneum" to Beecher's remarkable work, on which we proposed to say a few words; but as we have already extended this article beyond the designed limits, we must defer them till the work assumes its more permanent form.

In conclusion permit me to earnestly commend the *Crisis* to liberal Spiritualists who would be ignorant of none of the varied phases of modern developments. It is published at La Porte, Ia., semi-monthly, at one dollar per annum, in advance.

Our correspondent perhaps should have stated more distinctly that this boy actually died in his ninth year, as predicted by his little spirit-mate.—En.

FROM CANADA WEST.

LONDON, C. W., June 1, 1855.

S. B. BRITTAN, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Departed the rudimental form, at noon, on the 17th ult., at 29 Westminster-street, near London, C. W., JESSIE ELLEN GUNN, infant daughter of Marcus Gunn, (late editor and proprietor of *St. Thomas Observer*, etc., etc.) aged one year, ten months and seven days.

In the evening, as the coffin was brought into the chamber where the body lay, a young lady being in the house, who is a medium, her hand became suddenly occupied, and perceiving it to be by the Spirit of a member of the family, in the spiritual state, we sat at the stand, when one D. M. Gunn announced his presence to introduce the Spirit of his baby sister; and on resigning possession of the medium's hand, it became occupied by his intelligent little sister, whose transition from this life was so recent as a few hours. By the medium's hand she embraced her mother's breast, indicating intense affection, as also towards her sister Isabella, etc. After that, she directed the passive hand of the medium into the coffin, and then raised and flourished it above the medium's head, to signify that she was not to lie in the coffin, but was going upward to God throughout all future duration. This baby's management of the medium's hand was different from that of her brother—evidently a novitate.

It is wonderful that humanity beyond the limits of this life indicates the acute faculty of tracing the chain of causes and effects, projected into the future to a considerable extent. In the above case, D. M. Gunn, while communicating with me on Sunday morning, the 25th March last, spelt out for me: "Dear Father, a coffin will be needed in your house, soon; but he of good cheer." This was given by the child's mother, who is a medium; but on my seeing the word "coffin," I suppressed it to prevent any disturbance of her feelings. Being somewhat conversant with the doctrines of chemical and mechanical forces, I paid no serious attention to the motions of tables, etc., ascribed to Spirits, supposing the alleged phenomena to be some ridiculous humbug; but a friend showing me a copy of your paper, and inviting me to attend a Circle on Sunday evening of January 1854, I became convinced by the blessings of a dialogue which I obtained with my beloved D. M. and James G. Gunn, who amply convinced me of their presence and ineffable felicity, by every test I could imagine; and afterward, from March to July, I had daily intercourse with them, at an appointed hour, the result of which I have recorded, the whole occupying upward of one hundred and fifty pages of letter-paper. On request they would go off and bring other known persons, in the Spirit-world, to converse with me; as also go to Providence, R. I., and inform me, within a minute, how their sisters were, and what doing—circumstances afterwards verified by letters from the parties concerned.

Yours respectfully, MARCUS GUNN.

Death is now tangibly abolished, and life and immortality are fully brought to light. Why not, then, disseminate the black symbols of death and mourning?

MEDIUMSHIP, NOLENS VOLENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir and Brother—Although a stranger to you and most of your readers, I venture to pen a few lines for insertion in your paper, if thought worthy to place in its columns. Permit me, then, to say that I am not altogether a stranger to the many strange things of this era, having been more or less acquainted with much of its phenomena for the last four years. It is now about that period since I professed faith in the doctrine that Spirits can and do hold intercourse with man. Then, for a season, I had little doubt of its importance and its truth.

But it was not mine to profess and cherish this then to me most precious faith, except for a short time, without literally falling a martyr to its profession! I was then regarded by some as a medium; and thus I verily believed myself to be, as I exhibited the various phenomena common to, I was about to say, that unfortunate class. But of that time, and its consequent results, I wish not now to speak further than to say, that till that period I had never known sorrow and suffering in comparison to what I then was, most strangely indeed, compelled to endure.

The writer of these lines was then acting in the capacity of a gospel minister, and for nearly two years past such has been his calling and occupation. But it is proper here to say, that although I have acted in that capacity for nearly half the time since, yet during that period I have at times been forcibly reminded, that of myself I had not power to control what claimed to be foreign Spirit-influence on the human system. But as my friends regarded it as disease of a nervous though strange character, I have done what I could to keep the unseen working from public view, and to be as my fellows around me. I succeeded in this until about the middle of last autumn, when I had to pass another ordeal, which was painful indeed.

The facts are briefly these: While on a visit to a distant part of the State from where I reside, I was called on by a friend to officiate at the funeral of a departed neighbor. I had, as usual, went through the introductory services, and commenced discoursing from my text, when, to my utter horror and mortification, my mouth was suddenly closed, and for a time I could not utter a word. Judge, reader, of my consternation and surprise, when the influence of former times returned upon me with redoubled fury, and I was again powerless, in a terrible grasp, from which I vain sought for release; and to add to my consternation, I was compelled, in spite of all my efforts, to speak the words, "Spirits have power on the earth." Oh, reader! that day to the writer of these

lines, was a painful one indeed. I felt that in the estimation of many at least, I had again fallen a victim to a strange disease. But that strange power did not release its hold until it had acted in several places in the capacity of a Spirit-medium, being, so far as I know, regarded as an undoubted one of that class.

In a few days I returned to my home, and since that period until a few weeks past, of which I am now about to speak, I have not even made the attempt to speak again in public. But on the first Sabbath in the present month, I again made the attempt and succeeded. The following Sabbath I attempted to speak again, and now, reader, listen to the result! My mouth was again closed, and not opened until I was thrown into the same state as mentioned before, and then there was I compelled to deliver an address to the audience, professing to come from the spheres.

I had another appointment at another place for the following Sabbath, but it is now withdrawn, and I here freely, in this public manner, confess that I have no desire to make the attempt to preach another sermon, if I cannot do so without passing the ordeal I did on that occasion.

I come now to the main object of this letter, which is to ask, Is what I have experienced Spirit-control? and if so, why should my mouth be closed while endeavoring to preach the Gospel to my fellow-men? Again, inasmuch as this to be the fact, ought I to submit to such control as this, in so far as I have the strength to resist its severe and strange power? The truth is, I have little fellowship for much that I have seen, called Spirit-influence. It is of a strange character, indeed! It is to me even more than strange that Spirits of the spheres can do the work many now believe comes from Heaven.

One thing is to me rationally clear—that much, very much that comes through that supposed channel, is scarcely worthy of the imperfections of earth; and of the little I have seen (it is very little, it is true) there is still less that bears to me the evidence and the impress of truth.

It were, indeed, a great and consoling truth, that Spirits have power on earth! There is surely nothing greater and more satisfying to the burdened and almost despairing spirit; and oh! could it come as we could wish to behold it, then indeed would I gladly welcome it to my embrace!

For my own part, if it be indeed true that Spirits have power on the human system, and one so feeble and obscure as myself has been chosen as an instrument of Spirit-intercourse to the race, I am willing even to suffer still more if need be, in order to fulfill the will and the desire of heaven! But I cannot now dwell on this theme. I feel that my own strength now avails me little, and that a *strange era* indeed has now dawned upon the world! My prayer is, that heaven may grant me strength to still live for the Race, and labor and suffer, if need be, for sinful and imperfect man!

LITTLE FALLS, May 15, 1855.

R. S. HOBBS.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent indeed has our sympathies in his vexations, but we cannot now answer his queries more specifically than to say that he has an inward monitor which if deeply, sincerely, prayerfully consulted, will doubtless afford him the light which he needs. His case certainly bears strong marks of Spirit interposition, but whether the Spirit that would compel him to act contrary to his own sense of propriety, is one which should be resisted or submitted to, is a matter of which he is the proper judge. We can not doubt, however, that the compulsory exercises of which he speaks, are permitted in his experience for some good end connected with his future usefulness; and perhaps if our brother will institute a somewhat thorough self-revision, he may discover at once the origin of the difficulty and the means of its removal. But let him be careful not to resist that which, judged by its fruits, may prove the inspiration of Heaven.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.

BY A SPIRIT.

When the life which animals possess passes from them, it is not again embodied in distinct form, as the soul of man is; but it is diffused throughout the universe, and is no more used as animating life. It is now fitted for supporting the life of Spirits. To mankind this seems strange, but it is true. Were it not for this diffused animal life, the Spirit-world could not be sustained; for all of the lower spheres receive nourishment from it. But it is not so with the higher spheres, for there life is sustained by the more refined emanations of the vegetable kingdom. Were it not so, we must soon cease to exist, for all life is sustained by life, and without such sustenance no life can long be preserved.

All living creation, vegetable as well as animal, has two lives, one tangible and objective, the other diffused. This diffused life is as important to Spirits, as the tangible objective life is to the inhabitants of earth. Matter changes its forms as it passes from lower to higher gradations; and the life of to-day is not the life of to-morrow; but each day has life suited to its needs. Were it not so, there could be no advancement either in your world or in ours. But God has wisely suited all things to the requirements of his children; for man is the great object for which all else was created, and all is harmoniously arranged for man's greatest good. When God first, in his wisdom, set causes in action that produced this world, he also saw what would be necessary for man that was to be; for with God, the effect is as prominent as the cause. As creation advanced from its rudimental state, to a condition in which the first germ of life appeared, there was no need of a higher law to sustain the action of matter; but as soon as the first germ of life appeared, there was needed a new law for its development; and this is the law which I am trying to unfold to man. The first germ of life had wants that did not before exist. Then this law of life was made active, and the want of that little germ was supplied; and that was the first step toward man's appearing. Had that law not been instituted, that germ would not have been developed, man would not have made his appearance, and this world would long ere this have been swallowed up by other planets.

This law has existed for ages unnumbered, and has peopled numerous worlds, and is yet in its infancy. It extends from the lowest life to God, and it is the cause of all unfoldings, of every name and kind. It is wonderful to behold it in its workings, and it has been my study for sixty years of Spirit-life. I now can see it in all its simplicity, and understand its workings; but it was many years before I could comprehend it. Now it is so plain that I sometimes wonder that I did not sooner perceive it. There are but few on the earth that can fully appreciate this beautiful law, or are prepared to see its harmonious workings; but in Spirit-life the powers of the mind are much greater than on the earth, and they are constantly increasing; so that things which we cannot understand to-day, may seem plain to-morrow; so it is upward and upward. There is no limit to the unfolding of knowledge, neither is there to the development of love; as we increase in the one, so we do in the other. With us the two can not be separated, for our development is harmonious. We do not love or hate as we did on the earth; but we love because it is our joy, and we desire wisdom for the same reason. But mankind on the earth do not act from high and holy motives, and that is the cause of misery and sorrow, and is the great reason why man has not more rapidly advanced in knowledge. Were mankind to live purely and holily, soon would be seen an advancement unprecedented in the world's history; for man would not only be able to search for himself, but he should then be able to assist him far more than we now possibly can. As it is, we cannot well approach him, for his sphere is so repelling to us that it gives us sorrow too deep for our good. When mankind are willing to receive us, we will come with loving hearts, and willing hands to help him; till then we can do them but little good. Why is man so blind to his highest good? 'Tis because of his selfish loves; and man must overcome these before he can become much wiser or better. When he sees that love of self is not the highest love he is capable of enjoying, there will be hope for him, and not till then.

Why are the majority of mankind so prone to follow the ideas of a few that have obtained sway over their minds? Why are their consciences in others' control? Why do they fear to think for themselves? Why do they love old and thread-bare garments of Spirituality? Is it because they cannot think? No! Why is it, then? It is because mankind do not sincerely desire truth. If they possess as much as their fathers did, they are satisfied. Many fear to think for themselves because they have been falsely educated to fear a personal Devil more than they do God. Till man feels free to think for himself he will not get rid of these falsities that have become a part of his being. But let one bright ray of truth dawn on his darkened soul, and error will flee like night before the rising sun.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Residence and Address of A. J. Davis.

In reply to numerous inquiries, we take pleasure in announcing that our Brother and Sister, ANDREW J. and MARY F. DAVIS, reside on the corner of Fulton and Franklin Avenues, Brooklyn, L. I., where all communications intended for them may hereafter be addressed.

TO THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

The offer which I recently made to you, of submitting the evidence recently afforded to me of the existence of the Spirit-world, has not been accepted. For declining my proposal, no doubt you have, as the world goes, done what was best for the interests of the church.

In a publication which I am preparing, an effort will be made to submit the evidence in question to the public, of which you form a highly respectable portion.

Meanwhile, however, as a delay of two months may take place, I deem it expedient to give a sketch of some of the information derived from my Spirit friends by communications received from them during the last twelve months, through various media, assisted by instruments contrived by myself. I have had communications from the same Spirits through different media, and from different Spirits through the same medium.

According to the Spirits above mentioned, there are seven spheres recognized in the Spirit-world. This terrestrial surface forms the first or rudimental sphere.

At the distance of about 60 miles from the terrestrial surface, the Spirit-world commences. It consists of six bands or zones, designated as spheres surrounding the earth, so as to have one common center with it, and with each other. An idea of these rings may be formed from those of the Planet Saturn, excepting that they are comparatively much nearer to their planet, and that they have their broad surfaces parallel to the planet and at right angles to the ecliptic, instead of being like Saturn's rings, so arranged that their surfaces are parallel to the plane in which its ecliptic exists.

Supposing the earth to be represented by a globe of thirteen and a half inches in diameter, the lower surface of the lowest of the spiritual spheres, if represented in due proportion to the actual distance from the earth, would be only one-tenth of an inch from the terrestrial surface.

The bands observed over the regions in the Planet Jupiter, which correspond with our tropical regions, agree very well in relative position with those which are assigned to our spiritual spheres.

The interval between the lower boundaries of the first spiritual and the second is put at thirty miles as a maximum, but this interval is represented to be less, as the spheres between whose boundaries it exists, are more elevated or remote from the terrestrial center. Each sphere is divided into six "circles" or planes; more properly these may be described as concentric zones, occupying each about one-sixth of the space comprised within the boundaries of the sphere.

These boundaries are not marked by any visible partition, but Spirits have in this respect a peculiar sense, which makes them feel when they are passing the boundaries of one sphere in order to get to the next.

Both the Spirits and spheres are represented as having a gradation in constitutional refinement, so that their station is intuitively manifest. Their elevation is determined by a sort of moral specific gravity, in which merit is inversely as weight. There being six subdivisions to each of the six spheres, in all there must be thirty-six gradations.

It is plain that between the lowest degrees of vice, ignorance and folly, and the highest degrees of virtue, learning and wisdom, there are many gradations. When we are translated to the spheres, we take a rank proportional to our merit, which seems to be there intuitively susceptible of estimation by the law above alluded to, of the grossness being greater as the character is more imperfect.

Another means of distinction is a circumambient halo by which every Spirit is accompanied, which passes from a darkness to effulgency, as the Spirit belongs to a higher plane.

Even mortals are alleged to be surrounded with a halo visible to Spirits, although not to themselves; intuitively from the extent and nature of this halo, Spirits perceive the sphere to which any mundane being belongs. The effulgence of the higher Spirits is represented as splendid.

As soon as emancipated from their corporeal tenement Spirits enter the spheres and are entitled to a station higher in direct proportion to their morality, wisdom, knowledge and intellectual refinement.

My brother and sister are in the fifth sphere, my father and mother are in the sixth; Washington is in the highest sphere.

In the spheres diversity of creed has no influence excepting so far as its adoption indicates badness of heart and narrowness of mind, and has been of a nature to injure the moral and intellectual character.

Degradation ensues as an inevitable consequence of vice, and as the means of reform, not as a vindictive punishment. God is represented as all love, and is never named without the most zealous devotion.

Spirits in any sphere can descend into any

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